

In this issue of the REGISTER will be found the message of the president delivered to congress Tuesday. Matters of grave import are discussed and needed legislation recommended; policy pursued with Mexico outlined and many other subjects taken up. Read the message and keep in touch with governmental affairs. The REGISTER each week aims to give its readers the latest and most important news of the world, as well as the best literary matter obtainable.

PROGRESSIVE leaders in twelve Southern Illinois counties met in conference at Duquoin two weeks ago and repudiated all forms of amalgamation with the Republican party. In formal resolution the convention resolved that "it is the sense of this body of Progressives that no compromise be made with any party or parties." All of which means that the Progressive party has come to stay. Herbert S. Hadley was a prospective candidate for the Senate until Judge Norton made a speech at a Progressive banquet quite recently in which the Judge made it plain that the Progressive party would be found doing business by itself in Missouri next year, whereupon Herbert suddenly discovered that his business would not permit him to get into the race during 1914. Whatever else may be said about the ex-governor, he is nobody's fool, and his getting out the race before his getting into it simply means that he is afraid to tackle the job of beating the Democratic nominee next year.

I HAVE heard of brother-keeping legislatures in my short and uneventful career, but the Solons of North Dakota are beyond comparison. They, in their love for the true and the beautiful and their scorn of the sordid and unseemly, last winter enacted a law forbidding the sale of snuff! The wicked and unregenerate supreme court of the State has just knocked it into smithereens; but what of that? It in no wise detracts from the wisdom and ethical good taste of the men who sought the moral elevation of their wayward neighbors. Let the good work go on, despite the antiquated and rapidly deteriorating claim of personal liberty! "Reform" knows no bounds to its endeavors, and, although well up in years, I may hope to see the day when tobacco in all its forms shall be eliminated, along with wine, women and song; when sleep-murdering coffee and body-enerivating sugar shall be outlawed; in short, when this poorly created world shall be made so sweet and beautiful that no man—or woman—may pine for the opening of the pearly gates to another paradise. But, alas! then shall the occupation of the Reformer be gone.

Two pertinent items going the rounds of the Democratic press:

The ruins predicted by the Republicans that were to follow the enactment of a low tariff bill continue to pile up. Last week a Montgomery county farmer sold a load of fat cattle at \$9.75 per cwt.; a Texan came to Callaway county and paid \$200 a head for a load of yearling Hereford bulls; a Nodaway farmer sold a draft mare for \$400, and a Shelby county mule dealer paid \$225 for a mule a colt. Awful, isn't it, Mabel, how the prices of farm products have gone to smash because the robber tariff barons have had to shave off a fraction of their profits?

John Taylor and Tom Kemper are neighbors in Charlton county. John is a Republican and told Democratic Tom all about how the bottom would drop out of prices for farm products if Wilson won. Tom didn't swallow the calamity pill and offered to buy John's surplus truck at double the price John said it would sell for. So an agreement was entered into by which Tom was to get John's eggs at 10 cents per dozen, hogs at 3 cents per pound, calves at \$10 per head, mule colts at \$25 per head, and corn at \$1.25 per barrel. But strange to say John has not had any surplus to turn over to Tom. Once a week Kemper drives over to Taylor's and asks him if he is ready to deliver that bunch of hogs, calves and colts, but Taylor stoutly maintains that they are not ready for market yet, all of which leads Tom to say that he has always been charitable enough to believe the man who said a sucker was born every minute didn't know there were but 1440 minutes in a day.

At The Meeting.

Mr. Editor—On Saturday, the 22d of November, 1913, Mrs. Parris, the clerk of district No. 43, Mrs. John Brewer and the teachers of Annapolis school engaged a two seated rig and started very early, on an overland trip to the King School, where there was going to be a Teachers' Meeting, held that day.

I tell you it is real lovely to take a trip over these beautiful turnpike roads of this part of the county and to behold the lovely scenery of the beautiful hills and valleys of the southern part of Iron County.

On our arrival at the place designated, about the first person we met was the Hon. County Superintendent. He very readily announced that we were going to have a grand meeting. I think the meeting was hard to beat, as all the teachers responded readily to their parts on the program. We finished the teachers' part of the program about 12:30 P. M., and then dinner was announced.

Mr. Editor, did you ever teach school and know how hungry school teachers get? If you never, you should attend one of those meetings and watch them eat. The dinner was such a good one—just the kind the good dames of the

King District know how to prepare. The dinner consisted of ham, chicken, mutton, pies, cake, and other things too numerous to mention. Mr. Editor, if I hadn't lost my list of adjectives, I would try to describe this dinner, but it is too hard for me to attempt that task.

After dinner came the students' part of the program. There were students of various districts there and they all did real well. I think Profs. McKee, Jackson, Kelley, Brooks, Hickman and their students deserve great praise.

Yours for better schools.
LITTLE TOM.

Federal Censors.

Little did the framers of the Constitution realize what a political Frankenstein they made possible when they gave to Congress the power "to establish postoffices and post-roads." For not only has this branch of the government become the most extensive, the most useful, and the most popular, but it has become the most meddlesome, and bids fair to become the most tyrannical. Not content with its all-important sphere of activities as the transmitter of the mails, the Post Office Department has assumed the right to censor public and private morals. Does a man advertise to perform a service that the postmaster thinks is dishonest, he is commercially ostracised by being barred from the use of the mails. Does a newspaper, or a publisher, print something that the postmaster looks upon as immoral, the publication is barred from the mails. Does a scientist deliver a lecture on sex hygiene, the postmaster forbids its admission to the mails.

If the Postal Department, in its attempt to elevate the morals of the community, acted in conjunction with the legal authorities, there might be some excuse for its activities. But since the courts have granted it immunity from legal restraint in determining what shall and what shall not constitute legitimate mail matter, and thereby put in the hands of a Department official the power to deprive a citizen of the right to a trial by jury, or an appeal to higher courts, precedents are being laid down that may lead to grave complications at some future time. There is no appeal from his decision, and no redress for erroneous findings. His ipse dixit may close a prosperous bank, suspend a successful newspaper, or ruin a skilled medical practitioner; it is all one to him—and there is no redress.

The decision of the Chicago Postmaster, closing the mails to sex hygiene lectures recently delivered in the public schools, is altogether inexcusable. Not only is he preventing useful information from reaching parents who need it, but he is fortifying the prudish-minded persons who have objected to having this subject presented to the school children. If these lectures are not admitted to the mails, these critics may well say, they surely are not fit to be presented to children. Without attempting to say whether or not this is a proper subject to place before school children, or to be given to the children's parents, the question may well be asked, Who is the postmaster that is qualified to pass final judgment? By what right does he assume to say what is and what is not decent? If we must have a censorship, if he must have some one to tell us what we may see, hear, and do, let it be an authority that at least rises to the dignity of a petit jury. If we are to be made chaste whether or no, let it be by the pomp and circumstances of law, and not by stamp-cancelling Dogberrys.—Chicago Public.

Obituary.

November 15, 1913, the Angel of Death winged its way to earth and paused at the home of Mrs. Jane Allen, claiming as its victim the soul of their beloved husband and father, Mr. J. N. Allen, aged seventy-four years, five months and three days.

At the beginning of that sad day, with sorrowing hearts, the relatives and friends gathered around his bed to administer his last wants, but when human strength was no longer available, he gently leaned on the unseen arm of Him, who said "Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end," and reclining, like John the beloved, on Jesus' bosom, he quietly breathed his life out.

In the serene stillness which hovered over the home in that sad hour we seemed to hear the same voice speak forth the consoling words, as o'er Jaridus' daughter of old, "He is not dead, but sleepeth."

Mr. Allen had endured a siege of sickness, without a murmur, and as the end drew near his faith in God did not waver, but was firm and steadfast.

By his death the wife and children have lost a kind and loving husband and father; the church a true and ardent member; the community a faithful and sincere friend.

Weep not, dear mother, your husband is at rest, and to you, dear children, your father gave his life a ransom to provide for your welfare and the blessed Saviour gave His life that you might have a home in Heaven. To his associates he is saying, "Come up higher and dwell with the Angels of light."

He was a member of the Missionary Baptist Church and will be greatly missed at that place.

The funeral was conducted by Rev. John Proffitt, after which the remains were interred into the Chapel Cemetery to await the resurrection morn where all mists will be cleared away.
A FAIRBANK.

New crop Raisins, Figs, Currants and Evaporated Fruits, at Lopez Store Co.



Christmas Next!



We are busy receiving and arranging our Big Christmas Stocks.

OLD SANTA CLAUS

Will make our Store his Headquarters, as usual.

Beautiful GIFT GOODS suitable for all ages. Full Announcement Next Week.

LOPEZ STORE CO.

